Curly, Spot, & Moo Ma

June 12th, a busy, non-stop day, with grocery shopping, horseback riding, a dinner party, and of course cleanup, was a perfect way to describe yesterday. Finally, at 11:00, I crawl into bed and get comfortable. As soon as my head hits the pillow, I go out like a light. My mother was performing her nightly ablutions. As she pulled the covers up to her elbows, she was unpleasantly startled to the sound of a car pulling up our gravel driveway. On the double, she proceeded over to the dark window and looked down at our driveway. To her surprise, Officer George, a nightly patrol officer, was standing outside his squad car, motioning my mother to come down. As fast as one’s legs could carry her, she blew into my room, awoke me and had informed me a police officer was waiting to talk to us downstairs. By now, my heart was beating at the speed of light, as I’m sure my mother’s was as well. We hear the officer’s clunky boots trudge up to our porch, and knock on the door. “Can I help you?” My mother says nervously.

“Ma’am, do you have cows?” Officer George inquired.

My mother wanted to say, “there could be two answers. Yes if they are just grazing in the fields, and no if- “but she was obligated to say, “Why yes, as a matter of fact, we do.” At this point, both of us were shaken with fright and wonder.

“One of them is in the road,” he says. My mother and I both were in shock. We swiftly, yet nervously, shove on our boots and cram in the back of the police car. Neither my mother nor I had ever been in a police car, until now. There was about two inches, if not less, of foot room. The seats were made of black leather, and there was a bulletproof long divider in between the driver’s seat, and where my mom and I were seated, (which is always comforting). When we reached the lower field where the cows had been that night, the policeman halted the car. My mom and I looked at each other nervously, because the cow was nowhere in sight. As Officer George proceeded out of the car, I tried to open the door, but it wouldn’t budge. The officer had to let us out, because the doors were on some kind of inside lock. We hustled out of the car, (because both my mom and I were in un-flexible cumbersome boots, not to mention I had an extremely difficult time getting out, you can imagine my mothers hassle). All three of us looked around the field, but only saw two out of three cows. (The three cows names are Spot, Curly, and Moo Ma. Spot has a spot on the left side of his forehead, and is the smallest out of the three. Curly, on the other hand, is the loose cow. He has extremely curly hair on his forehead. Moo Ma is the leader of the three, possibly because she is the biggest. She has mostly straight hair). Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted Curly grazing in between the road and the lower field. “Oh great,” I thought to myself. “In the middle of the night, one of my cows are loose, the neighbors are going to be scared out of their minds when they see the police lights flashing, and what’s next, a car passing?” I said as I thought out loud. And sure enough, a car sped past us as the driver turned his head only to see a cow on the other side of the road. My mother and I were counting our lucky stars the car hadn’t hit the cow, or for that matter, us.

“Hey-over there!” I pointed to the cow as my mom and officer George glanced over to where I pointed. It was then when we realized we had no way of luring the beauteous bovine off of the road, up our long driveway, through the paddock gates and into the barn. A little quick thinking led us back up to the house into the kitchen, grabbing the biggest mixing bowl we could find. After assembling the bowl in a matter of seconds, we ran into the barn and filled the bowl with feed, in an effort to lure in the cow by having her smell the grain. However, it seemed as though every effort we made was useless and only drained us. But that did not stop us from repeatedly attempting to get the cow into the barn. A genius idea popped into my mom’s head: we call our farm hand, Robert. He knows how to lasso and run at the same time, and this is a perfect way to take control of Curly. But after calling and calling, there was no answer. By this time it was teaming rain so harshly that it felt like baseballs were being pelted at you. (Except maybe not as violent). But after about 45 minutes of losing hope, Robert finally calls back, and got here rapidly with his lasso (thank goodness).

When he arrived, we told him the whole story and what we needed to do, and before my mother could even finish explaining, Robert says, “Don’t worry I’ve got my lasso and my speed and that’s all I need”. He started after the cow calmly and slowly, until the cow started gradually getting faster and faster as she ran into the woods with Robert chasing right behind, while twirling his lasso. It was actually, at that moment, a funny scene. As Robert and Curly ran about our woods, we could see that the lasso finally captured Curly, and we now had control over her. Both my mom and I had a relieved feeling, although this wasn’t over yet.

Robert led Curly up the driveway, and motioned us to follow. We opened the paddock gate and led Curly in, relieved as ever. We said our goodbyes and a huge thank you to officer George and Robert. By now, the clock read 2:48am and my mom and I sluggishly proceeded up to our bedrooms, said our goodnights, and we were off to sleep. As I drifted off into a deep sleep, I hoped I wouldn’t be awoken again that night to a police officer pulling up our driveway.